

# GLORIA'S ROMANCE

From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by George Kleine and Featuring Miss Billie Burke

Scenario and Novelization By Mr. and Mrs. Rapert Hughes

## FIFTH EPISODE THE GATHERING STORM

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**D**AUGHTERS are dangerous charges, Pierpont," said Judge Freeman. The two elderly men stood watching the dance which was in full swing at the coming out party of Gloria Stafford. The men were related to each other by marriage, the marriage of Stafford's son David and Freeman's daughter Lois, whatever relations that made them.

Pierpont Stafford nodded a worried assent to the Judge's statement and, turning his eyes reluctantly from the grace and charm of his own girl, who was dancing with an almost lyric poetry of motion enfolded in the arms of Richard Freneau, Pierpont looked for Judge Freeman's girl, Lois, to find a specific cause for the Judge's doleful remark. What he saw puzzled him considerably. He saw Lois, not dancing, but watching Gloria and Freneau. There was a look of unmistakable jealousy and helpless rage on her face. He saw his son David speak to her and put his hand on her arm, only to have her shake him off and move away into the crowd.

Pierpont felt suddenly terribly afraid for his son's honor and a gnawing ache at his heart for Lois's father, who stood beside him. But it was far too delicate a situation for the two men to discuss—yet.

"Children are hostages to fortune," as Bacon, the playwright, said," Pierpont murmured, putting his hand on the other man's arm. "After all, how little it is we can really save them from."

Gloria was being watched jealously by yet another. Dr. Royce, who, with the mixed feelings of a lover and an elder guardian, felt cut to the quick as she passed directly in front of him in Freneau's embrace. He could see the look of perfect joy in her glorious eyes, and there was rapture in the whole happy swing of her youthful body. Anger at Freneau's unworthiness of this pure being almost choked him. When another man took Gloria away from Freneau for the last half of the dance and Freneau reluctantly walked away Royce asked for a word with him, moving toward the library, where they could be alone. Freneau followed with uneasy bravado. Once safe from observation, Dr. Royce let his rage break forth.

"You contemptible fortune hunter! Five years ago I warned you to keep away from Gloria. You lied to her then and your life is still one long lie."

Freneau's face blanched with fury, and he raised his arm to strike Royce, but before the calm contempt in his eyes he changed his mind. He decided to forego the blow for the present, and laughed as bravely as he could. Royce pursued him with an alarming threat.

"What if I tell her of your affair with a certain married woman?"

Freneau gave a surprised start, attempted to speak, changed his mind again. He was guilty of too much to seek a challenge. Shrugging his shoulders, he moved sullenly off and out of the room. Royce smiled to himself. "It was a bluff, but it worked." He had caught a glimpse of Lois's jealousy and a faint suspicion had risen in his mind. Now he wondered if it were confirmed.

Royce walked after Freneau and had the satisfaction of seeing him depart without bidding goodby to Gloria.

Royce thought he had won a signal victory. He would have taken little pleasure in it had he known that Freneau left so obediently because Gloria had already granted him a whole afternoon to be spent in her company alone on the following day. Freneau felt so certain of his ability to win a promise of marriage from her with this opportunity that he could afford the seeming compliance with the order of Doctor Royce.

As he descended the outer steps of the Stafford home a footman signalled his car to pull into the driveway. A tramp who had been loitering on the street watching the gorgeous crowd of guests caught sight of Freneau and seemed to go mad with rage. He rushed forward, shouting accusations. Freneau struck out viciously with his walking stick. The tramp fell to the ground, while Freneau, leaping into his limousine, motioned his chauffeur to make haste. He leaned out of his car as it turned and smiled to see the tramp pick himself up awkwardly and run after him, rushing wildly through the traffic of Riverside Drive.

As Freneau's car turned into a side street the tramp, still in pursuit, was caught by an oncoming automobile and knocked sideways. One of the rear wheels passed over his legs. The car was stopped instantly and the occupants picked him up to hurry him to a hospital.

Freneau sat back in a daze at the quick tragedy. He could not tell how badly the man was hurt nor how much he could depend on his own release from danger in that quarter. It ruffled him considerably to encounter another relic of his adventurous past just as he was about to

win a wonderful young wife for himself; a relic who had a just grievance and might well ruin him by exposure. To get out of his entanglement with Lois was delicate matter enough for him to handle without this new ghost. Truly, Freneau brooded, a brave, pleasure-loving free lance like himself should have a wider field to move about in. The smallness of this world was cramping his style.

Arriving at his own apartment he threw his overcoat at his valet and marched gloomily into the living room, slamming the door behind him. If only Trask would die! But he could not count on such luck. Trask would probably escape with a few bruises and an added grudge and be out again in a few days to pick up the trail.

A vision came to Freneau's mind of Neil Trask, as he had last seen her, when he left her beside a stream near a mining camp in the South.

Poor fool! She had pleaded so unreasonably that he should marry her and save her. When he refused she had thrown herself down on the bank in wild abandonment to her grief. As he mounted his horse he saw the girl's father pick her up and hold her in his arms while apparently she sobbed forth her confession. A look of such savage ferocity came over Trask's face that Freneau dug spurs into his horse. On reaching the train he had boarded a train at once, leaving his few belongings behind him. For that look on Trask's face surely meant death for him if he were overtaken. And now at last he was all but overtaken.

Soon, however, Freneau broke from his reverie, dismissed it as an unpleasant memory, smiled at himself for giving it any place in his thoughts and turned his mind to Gloria—the bewitching girl-woman to whom on the morrow he would tender his heart and hand, for all that they might be worth.

Meanwhile Gloria herself, tired beyond words, her pretty right hand stiff from the endless shaking of other hands at her reception, her tiny feet weary of their satin slippers and her ears tingling still with the buzz of compliments poured into them, was ecstatic as a fulfilled birdling after its first long flight.

The last of the guests departing, she threw her arms about her father's neck and gave him a resounding kiss. Swinging her feet free of the floor, she kicked off her slippers. Then she hugged Aunt Hortensia and thanked her, and, please did she and father mind if the new social leader left them and betook herself to bed, where they might send her crackers and milk for her dinner before she topped off to sleep?

They laughed through their own weariness as Gloria, gathering up her castaway footwear proceeded to drag herself up the staircase, bent far over in imitation of an ancient cripple.

Reaching her own room, she screamed lustily to Burroughs, her English maid, to run a hot bath for her, and for goodness sake to get her out of her wreck of a dress. As Burroughs fluttered between the two tasks Gloria hummed the "Aloha Oe" that had been played in wait time for her last heavenly dance with Freneau. She picked a rose from her dressing table and went through the ritual of "He loves me, he loves me not," down almost to the last petal. But finding that it would come out on the tragic "not," she gasped, "How silly!" threw the rose away, casting a shy little smile at herself in the mirror.

Burroughs, having taken the woefully wilted and shredded tulle frock from her, wrapped her young mistress in a dressing gown. And Gloria went, still humming, to her bath.

In the midst of the splashing, while



DICK PERCEVAL HER SHYNESS AND DETERMINED TO SPEAK.

The Sixth Episode in the Serial  
**"GLORIA'S ROMANCE"**  
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Burroughs was straightening the dressing room, she heard: "O Burroughs, do you think my new fur-lined driving coat looks very good on me?"

"Yes, miss. I do indeed," answered Burroughs, surprised at the apparent irrelevance of the question.

"And, Burroughs?"

"Yes, miss?"

"What warm afternoon dress have I that I look awfully nice in?"

"Why, the brown velvet, miss; you do look a perfect little doll in that, miss."

Another splash in the tub and a ripple of laughter.

"Thank you, Burroughs—you see, I'm driving the pony and sleigh out in the country to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, miss?"

"And I'm not driving out alone, Burroughs."

"No, miss?"

After this Gloria was silent.

She hopped hurriedly into bed from her bath and ate her crackers and milk like a good child, smiling every now and then at her own thoughts. Then she told Burroughs to put out her lights and not allow her to be disturbed.

"You see, Burroughs, I'm a society queen now, and I have got to get my beauty sleep. Good night."

"Quite so, miss, and good night, miss," said Burroughs as she tipped toward the door.

"Burroughs! Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, yes, miss; always, night and morning."

"Well, then, please pray for beautiful weather to-morrow."

"Certainly, miss. Anything else, miss?"

"No, nothing, thank you. Good night."

On the following day, all arrangements having been made by telephone to the Stafford country place, Gloria took Burroughs with her and motored out. They were met by a glowing and enthusiastic Freneau at the railroad station. Gloria took him on to her warm-weather home, which managed to keep a majestic appearance in its mantle of snow.

The dogs started a wild hullabaloo of ferocity from their kennels when the car drove in. They changed their excited yelps of welcome as they recognized Gloria. But she left them dis-

consolate, for a groom brought up from the stable yard her shaggy ponies harnessed to the little Russian sleigh.

As she stopped to pet the noses of the ponies Freneau lost for a moment his confidence in his own power to win this small young beauty enveloped in a great coat, which made her seem smaller still, her eyes beaming, her cheeks flushed with the cold, her delicate pink blond curls escaping from the little fur-trimmed hat.

With this palatial background, among the obsequious attendants, she stood, more than ever for him, the embodiment of power, youth, beauty, wealth. What had he to offer in exchange for that worldly trinity? Spoiled by women as he was he felt that however sincerely he wanted this slip of a girl—wanted her more than he had ever wanted any one else in his life—he might elude him.

Gloria turned to him with a bright smile, and seeing the look of adoration in his eyes, blushed an even deeper rose than she had been wearing.

"I think we had better start at once if we are to get our sleigh ride," she said. "The days are so short now; we must make the most of this stony sunlight."

"Right!" Freneau answered eagerly, as he helped her into the sleigh.

The ponies were clamping at the bits and jingling the bells and waving the pompons on their heads with every impatient movement. Gloria stepped into the driver's seat (she was going to drive them herself, wise girl!) and Freneau snatched the sable robe from the hands of the groom, saw that her little feet were in place on the foot warmer, and proceeded to wrap her snugly in. (How nicely he did things of that sort, she thought.)

"We will be back in a couple of hours; probably stop somewhere for tea," Gloria called to Burroughs as they passed the lodge door. She felt the thrill of being a runaway once more, and she was glad that her father was not present to thrust a chaperon upon them.

Out into the road and off they went, youth, health, and joy of life in their veins; love in their hearts. The ponies pranced and cavorted, somewhat too strenuously, Freneau feared, until he realized how skillful Gloria's hands were in handling

## New York Men Make Their Wives Superwomen, Says M. Bois, Who Will Tell Why in Three Novels

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.

Julius Bois, French author and dramatist, says the superwoman will be found in New York and that she will be moulded by her husband, a new Pygmalion of the super-Galatea.

Mr. Bois came to this country a few months ago as the unofficial envoy of his Government to the American people on a mission of sympathy which, he told me yesterday, has proved a complete success.

"I have done something rather unusual for a person with a mission. I have really accomplished something," Mr. Bois informed me, a twinkle lighting his sombre Latin eyes.

Mr. Bois referred to arrangements he has made for the visit of the members of the Comedie Francaise to this country after the Presidential election. But later our conversation developed the fact that he has done something even more remarkable on his own account. For in the three months he has been at the Hotel Biltmore he has planned a trilogy of novels of American life which will deal in turn with the American society woman, the American husband and the American young girl.

**NEW YORKER WILL FIND THE REAL WOMAN.**

"The American man is the most extraordinary husband in the world," Mr. Bois told me. "My second book will deal with him. Nietzsche said that only the man who is truly a man can find the Real Woman within woman. The American husband is such a man. He will find the superwoman. When women are dolls it is only because men desire them to be so. The American woman has the most extraordinary liberty ever given to her

sex. Your society woman has money and leisure and she has made of herself a being of rare strength and energy and culture. She thinks alone, acts alone, travels about the world alone, because the American husband trusts his wife. He is the only husband who is not jealous. In other words, he alone truly loves his wife."

"But, M. Bois," I protested, "don't you know that many women would give their souls to have their husbands jealous of them—that sometimes the reason a man is not jealous is simply because he's indifferent. In Europe men may not respect women, but they live for their love. Here men live for their work, their money, their political advancement. Love strikes a minor note in their lives. They have their romance when they can take the time off from business. Then they settle their wives somewhere, draw checks for them at regular intervals and say practically, 'Run away, baby, and play in the sand; play in Newport; play in Egypt; play anywhere you like—only don't bother me—don't interfere with the serious business of life—my office.'"

"That," M. Bois admitted, smilingly, "is precisely the theme of my second novel which will deal with one of our great men of business. The superwoman's only rival is Wall Street. It is a romance—a romance passionate and pure as American romances are. My third novel will be a study of your extraordinary young girl. I shall study her at Bryn Mawr or Rosemary perhaps. The first book 'The Woman Who Kills,' has been completed for some time. But as I shall publish them first in English and then in my native language, publication is delayed till the translation is done."

"A part of my mission here has concerned itself with making better known in America all the culture of France—her drama, her literature, her works of science. After the war America will be the middleman for the French author and publisher. Hitherto Leipzig acted as our middleman and so, when an American university wrote to Leipzig for works of science, it was natural that German works should be sent by the German middleman. Hereafter, we shall have a depot in New York and it will be possible to obtain our books without writing to Germany for them."

**THE LITERARY RAPPROCHEMENT OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.**

"Our men of letters are in a very sad plight just now," M. Bois added. "Many of them are unfit for military service through age or infirmities. And many of them have been killed in the war. It is these men who have created the smile of France—the smile which has won for the love of America. And if the smile of France is to be kept for the world, it will be America which must preserve it. At the Allied Bazaar, Mrs. Newbold Edgar and Miss Janet Sculptor realized, at the booth of the Societe des Gens de Lettres, a certain sum which they placed in my hands for the relief of the authors, artists and journalists of France who are without occupation. But their needs are great. Few books are being printed, and because of the prohibitive price of paper our journals consist of one page only."

"I have been asked to deliver a series of six lectures next October at Columbia University, which will be a sort of synthesis of French culture," M. Bois continued. "I shall speak of the social and political development of my country, of the unity of our political ideal, and of the contribution which Frenchwomen have made to

the glory and civilization of France. After these lectures I shall return to Paris to arrange the details of departure of the Comedie Francaise. For I have found the person, a noble, generous American, one of your greatest names, who has undertaken that the visit of our state Theatre, which France offered as a mark of her gratitude to this country, shall be made certain."

"I had, of course, many offers from theatrical managers when I announced that France would send her state company here. But we did not wish it to be a commercial enterprise, so I refused them. Some of the actors will have to be called from the trenches, but naturally the Government will arrange that, and unless something very unforeseen occurs the Comedie Francaise will reach New York just after your Presidential election and will stay a month. It will not leave New York, consequently."

"In France and America parallel ideas have grown up. You have not taken your ideals of liberty from us nor we ours from you. But they have come into being simultaneously. We are trying so hard to put the best of France at the service of America, and I want France to be able to study and to profit by the best that is in you. That is why I have arranged for your young Frenchmen to study business methods in America at the close of the war."

"I have met many of your authors since my arrival in New York and what has impressed me about them is that they are getting further and further from the slavery of the classic English tradition. American writing should not be like English writing. You are a great people, you are trying to put the best of France at the service of America, and I want France to be able to study and to profit by the best that is in you. That is why I have arranged for your young Frenchmen to study business methods in America at the close of the war."

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"Gloria, dear little Gloria," he sighed, "my five years of probation are up. Mayn't I have my reward now?" Gloria could not answer. She hung her pretty head. He dropped on one knee before her, like the true artist in love that he was. He clasped his arms about her and she closed her eyes and gave him her lips.

them. On they glided merrily, chatting of the big nothings of young love. Gloria pointing out paths and places of interest. Dick Freneau seeing them only as they were mirrored in her eyes, since he could not bear to turn away from her lest he lose one fleeting expression of her face.

After several miles of up hill and down dale, Gloria turned her ponies off the main road into one less used.

"I'm taking you to the dearest old-fashioned farm house, where we can have tea and the yummiest apple butter you ever tasted. Shall you like it?"

"I shall like anything and everything in this world, so long as I have it with you," Freneau breathed earnestly.

"Then that's all right," chirruped Gloria, happily. "You shall most certainly have this tea with me, and I'm famished."

When they reached the farm house, which called itself an inn, the plump landlady greeted Gloria with pleased recognition and ushered them into the parlor, saying that she would hasten with their tea and bring the table to them there by the fire. Freneau helped Gloria out of her great coat—how well he took off a coat, she thought. She emerged like a golden-brown butterfly in a velvet gown.

The blazing logs in the deep fireplace gilded the beauty of a truly charming old room. Gloria fingered the quaint pewter pieces on the mantel and Freneau waited restlessly for Mrs. Bailey to hurry in with the tea things and hurry away. Soon they were left alone, seated opposite each other, the little tea table between them. Gloria became suddenly timid and embarrassed. It did seem very intimate and daring. It was the first time she had ever asked a man about his sugar all alone with him!

Dick perceived her shyness and divined the cause at once. He must speak now. He would never have a better chance, he thought. Putting down his cup, he reached across the table for her hand.

"Gloria, dear little Gloria," he sighed, "my five years of probation are up. I've waited patiently and always hopefully. Mayn't I have my reward now? Please say that you will marry me quickly and put me out of my misery, will you?"

Gloria could not answer. She hung her pretty head and wriggled back a little further into the grandfather's chair. Perhaps she did not want to end the luxury of keeping him anxious with a too immediate yes. He would not dally. He picked up the little table that stood between them and, putting it aside, dropped on one knee before her, like the true artist in love that he was. He clasped his arms about her and she closed her eyes and gave him her lips.

They heard the untimely hostess approaching and he sat back in his chair, twirling his mustache, while Gloria tried to look as if nothing had happened. Nothing had happened except a short flight to heaven.

On the way home they chattered merrily of the everything that would make up their new life. The scenery was the same, yet how different! They were betrothed now. For many reasons Freneau was impatient to have her father's sanction to their engagement as soon as possible. Gloria decided that she would motor him home with her and board her parent in his lair without delay.

Pierpont Stafford was not unprepared for the "Will you let me marry your daughter?" speech that Richard Freneau made him. He had given his own word five years before that if Freneau and Gloria found themselves in the same frame of mind at this date he would have no further objections. He gave up the fight now, and took his defeat like the true sport he was, graciously concealing his own and heart.

The radiance of his child and the evident sincerity of Freneau almost repaid him; at least they made him hopeful for her happiness. One stipulation only he insisted upon—that the engagement should not be made public at once. He knew that engagements were not necessarily carried to end in marriage, and he wanted to test Freneau a little further. He insisted upon guarding his daughter's name to that extent. If anything went wrong with them they should not have taken the great American public into the secret. Freneau agreed to this, the more readily since it would give him the more time to propitiate and get rid of Lois. And old Trask might have to be given his quietus in one way or another.

While Freneau and her father held the council of war Gloria had gone out to the hall to wait its outcome. There Freneau found her huddled up on the lower step, hugging herself as if she were cold. He rushed to take her in his arms for a kiss. She battled him with mock resistance before she ran up the stairs to play Juliet to

his Romeo. Then, throwing kisses, they parted.

When she reached her room Gloria found herself shivering with a violent chill that all the warmth of her heart could not subdue. Burroughs was instantly alarmed. She summoned Gloria's father, who was even more alarmed. He made her go to bed at once, ordered her covered with many blankets and had hot water bottles filled.

The chill did not abate. In a panic he telephoned for Gloria's own room to his old family physician, Dr. Wakefield, and was fortunate enough to reach him and be assured of his immediate attendance. Dr. Wakefield was a fussy medical man of the very old school. He had taken good care of the Stafford family, but lately he had let science outrun him. Still he recognized pneumonia without difficulty. He whispered the dreadful word to Stafford and ordered in two trained nurses and no end of medicines.

Pierpont Stafford was frantic with anxiety. He telephoned for Gloria's brother and for Aunt Hortensia. Burroughs told them of the stolen sleigh ride and Freneau became less popular with the Staffords, father and son, than ever before.

Days and nights of harrowing fear dragged over that household. Wealth had not dulled affection, nor could it seem to bribe death. The fever line mounted on the nurse's chart like a mountain side, and Gloria grew weaker and weaker, except in her deliriums, when she seemed to be inhabited by demons of ferocious strength.

At length David felt that Dr. Wakefield had been given all the time to experiment with Gloria's life that could be afforded. He was for calling in a young man of the newest school of medical art. He called for Dr. Royce. Royce came, with no hesitation over medical ethics or courtesies. Gloria was more than a patient to him, and old Wakefield was less than a doctor in his eyes after he had questioned the Staffords as to the manner of Dr. Wakefield's treatment. Things were as he feared, all wrong. It was life or death. Dr. Wakefield could not cope with the disease. He must be dispossessed as politely as possible.

Dr. Wakefield, he learned, was in the sick room above. Royce would not mince matters or wait on professional etiquette. He felt the eagerness of a lover in coming once more to the rescue of his idolized Gloria. He ran up the stairs and walked into the room. He hardly knew his Gloria when he saw her. She was in the throes of a wild delirium. She imagined herself once more among the Seminoles who had held her in bondage when she ran away in Florida five years before.

In her tormenting fancy she was again dressed as a squaw and set to the task of gathering firewood and subjected to the worst task of enduring the old squaw's hatred and the young chief's love. She begged him to kill her rather than marry her and she fought with all her fury, setting Wakefield's white hair with one hand and the nurse's black looks with the other.

There was no quieting her ecstasies. "Take me home! My father is rich! He will make you rich! Oh, they don't believe me! They don't believe me! Help! Help!" Then she smiled and cried: "Dick, Dick, it's you! You'll save me! Blessed, blessed Dick! Oh, I'm so glad, so glad you found me!"

Then the frenzy left her and she sank back exhausted but content. Dr. Royce realized that he had two antagonists now to fight—Death and Richard Freneau—both of them trying to take from him the girl of his heart.

Death was the first to fight. Royce was too temperate to treat Dr. Wakefield with much formality. He asked a few questions which aroused the ire of the old physician. He examined the patient, threw off the smothering blankets and exclaimed: "Fresh air is the best and only treatment for pneumonia!" He hung up the window, shoved Gloria's bed against it and let the cold air from the river sweep into the room and into her tormented lungs.

Almost at once her breathing became less labored. Dr. Wakefield left in as dignified a rage as he could manage. Royce threw away all the Wakefield medicines and gave the nurse a new set of instructions. The nurse, at least, whom Dr. Wakefield had prescribed, seemed a capable one. Royce welcomed her as a valuable ally in the gruesome fight. He arranged to stay all night and allayed poor old Stafford's fears as best he could. But his own heart was near to breaking with terror for the safety of Gloria's sweet life—and for her happiness if she lived.

(To Be Continued.)